PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. EIGHT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 24, 1926 TEN CENTS

TRUSTEES HEAR PROTESTS ON RAISE IN VALUATIONS

HALF A HUNDRED property owners of Carmel appeared before the city board of trustees, sitting as a board of equalization, Tuesday morning to protest against the proposal of the board to increase property assessments throughout the city from 50 to 100 per cent.

The burden of the plea of the property owners was that there was no clear explanation from the board as to the reason for the increase. Trustee Wood reiterated his recent statement that the increase was not for the purpose of raising more money through taxation, but was merely to equalize the assessments throughout the city.

The petitions, signed by several hundred of the most prominent and heavy property holders in the city, were ignored by the board on the legal opinion of City Attorney Argyll Campbell that they were not legal. It was Campbell's ruling that only individual property holders could be heard in person by the board.

Following the registration of complaints against the increase from many who were crowded in the lobby, the board closed the public protest hearing and set to work to carry out its intention to make the wholesale increases.

An Editorial

THE CRISIS in the illness of the body politic has passed and it is assured us by the attending physicians that the patient will live. The climacteric period in the ire of Carmel property owners against the wholesale increase in real estate assessment valuations through the city was reached Tuesday morning and the excitement will now subside and we will go on living as near contentedly as possible until there is another wholesale raise proposed or some other equally mysterious action on the part of the city government.

But up and out of yesterday's meeting of the trustees, sitting as a board of equalization, fiasco that it was, there does come something important, something vital, something of concern in the matter of the fitness of things in this community.

There were presented to that board, signed by scores of property owners of the city, principally large property owners and most of them important in business affairs, petitions protesting against the proposed raise in assessment valuations. These petitions were ignored by the board, cast aside with manifest disdain, because it was decided by the legal adviser of the trustees, Argyll Campbell, that they were not legal, and that any protest in writing must be individually made and in the form of an affidavit. Otherwise, the protestant must appear in person.

Campbell was probably right, and the petitions were not legal. But what of that? This is not a city of vast area, of millions of people strange to themselves and strange to the men who represent them on the board of trustees. There are hardly a score of the citizens of Carmel who do not know the trustees, separately and individually and personally. There are a less number among those whose names are on the petition who do not know them as fellow members of this community and salute them daily on the street. This is not a hide bound government of rule and rote and red tape. It is a community of people desiring to live comfortably and happily, and compelled by a state law to name each two years men who shall represent them in carrying on the necessary affairs of the community.

Common courtesy would have dictated that the petitions presented Tuesday be accepted for their face value; that the names of the signers should have been read before the board; that the members of the board who know what they are doing, or assume that they do, make a clear and concise answer to the petition.

But this is not done. The whole affair was extremely legal, extremely formal, extremely "upstage", just as though strange and unknown spokesmen from far off dominions of a crown had presented themselves informally and vulgarly before the high court of the land. Only those who were there in person could be heard and they had to argue with all the technique of a real estate appraiser to stave off added tax on their right to live in the community.

Only Trustee Wood spoke at any length and he made nothing clear. Chairman John Jordan of the board had little to say. Fenton Foster, the new trustee, could not be expected to talk much about something that had been only for a few days a matter for his official consideration.

Trustee Wood insisted that the new assessments were solely and exclusively for "equalization" purposes. But of the money that will automatically accrue, nothing could be explained; nothing could be given to the people to clear the mystery as to what was to be done with it, assuming, as Trustee Wood says, that it is not needed.

As for equalization, Jimmie Hopper, after the meeting, expressed himself about it, and we believe that he would not object to his assertions being given publicity:

"If it's a matter of equalizaion, why not equalize down, instead of equalizing up? There are few of us who could not stand a reduction in what it costs to live. The men on that board of trustees came to Carmel to make money. Most of the rest of us came to get away from places where it is the ideal of life to make money. They are interested in increasing the value of their property and that surrounding it; we're not. Most of us don't care how much our property is worth in dollars; what it's worth in comfort and quietude is much more important to us. And all the improvements that are being made by the people who want to make money in Carmel somehow seem to work around ultimately to the point of lessening our comfort."

But Jimmie Hopper's name on a petition is illegal.

"He can't talk to us unless he does it legally," says the board. "No one can talk to us unless he does it legally. We won't be talked to unless it's done legally. And when we raise your assessments so that it costs you more to live in Carmel we'll do it legally."

And that's that.

ANNUAL MEETING OF ARTS AND CRAFTS SEPTEMBER 14

The Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts will hold its annual meeting for the purpose of electing directors and taking up other important business matters on September 14 at 8 P. M. in the Arts and Crafts Hall.

It is urged that all members of the club who can do so attend this most important meeting.

RICHARD CATLETT BREAKS HIS ARM CRANKING CAR

Richard Catlett, twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Catlett, fractured his right arm Tuesday when he attempted to crank his mother's automobile, the starter of which had failed to function. He was attended by Dr. W. T. Davidson and is now carrying the injured member in a splint. A few years ago such a mishap was almost a daily occurrence in any community, but that was when starting automobiles by the crank method was the only one available.

HANDS LEAVING SHORTLY FOR THEIR HOME IN ALAMEDA

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hand are leaving shortly after the first of September for Alameda where they will make their home. The Hands, although for many years rsidents of Carmel, formerly lived in Alameda and both are well known in the Encinal city. Their grand-daughter, Helen Ward, is now attending school in Alameda.

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A COLUMN OF BOOK NOTES

NINE TITLES of more than ordinary interest to readers are announced for publication by Doubleday, Page and Company. "Debits and Credits" is most noteworthy because it is Rudyard Kipling's first new book in a number of years to be made up of stories and poems which have never appeared heretofore between boards. Joseph Conrad's "Life and Letters" by G. Jean Audry is also listed. The fiction season starts with Edna Ferber's book of the Mississippi River, "Show Boat", and is followed by Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians", a blow to the time-worn legend of Southern chivalry. A new novel by "Elizabeth" will be out in September under the title of "Introduction to Sally"; and in October appears "Hildegarde" by Kathleen Norris. In the same month comes Julian Street's novel of Chicago which is called "Tides". Grace S. Richmond's "Cherry Square" is scheduled for publication in November.

* * *

New books from Henry Holt and Company include "Hilda Ware", a novel by Allen Harker; "Visions and Jewels" by Moysheh Oyved, who is the proprietor of Cameo Corner, a delightful and distinctive London shop; "Meditations of a Profane Man" by "H"; "The Background of European Literature" by H. J. C. Grierson of the University of Edinburgh; "Humoresque", a book of poetry by Humbert Wolfe; "The Craft of the Poet" by F. W. Felkin; and "Elements of Child Training" by R. J. Gale.

* * *

The first low-priced edition of the standard Wheatley text of the famous diary of Samuel Pepys will be put out by the publishing house of Harcourt, Brace and Company. It is an abridged edition in one volume with illustrations by E. H. Shepard, who did the pictures for A. A. Milne's popular "When We Were Very Young". This edition of the diary will be known as "Everybody's Pepys" and will be priced at around $3.50. Describing it the publishers make the following comments:

"Many people find the Diary forbidding because of its enormous length. In contrast is this lively new book, astonishingly modern and interesting—incidentally the first edition of the standard Wheatley text within the reach of the modest purse. 'Everybody's Pepys' is not a heterogeneous selection of extracts. Each volume of the regular edition has been gone through a number of times and condensed more and more each time by elimination. The result gives unity and cohesion to the whole. The story flows easily and naturally with a great variety of interest, yet the important threads of Pepys' life are never tangled."

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ON BOOK PUBLISHING IN THE FAR WEST

By GENE HAILEY
Special to The Carmel Cymbal

PUBLISHING books on the Pacific Coast has not come to a boil yet. Faint bubbles burst on the surface and lead us to believe our ingredients are good and the brew will be palatable some time soon.

Every year the Book Club of California publishes a noble poem or book of reprint in excellent form. Heavy expense of publishing is included in the fee one pays for being a "book lover" and member. One of the several super-excellent printers of San Francisco is chosen to concoct this specialty. Nowhere in the world, except perhaps in Moscow, is fine printing so wisely practised as an art as in San Francisco. Fabulous sums are paid for many special editions for private distribution by art and book patrons, from our millionaire strata.

California books win prizes every year with the American Institute of Graphic Arts. The Fifty Books of 1925 exhibit which traveled over the country contained two special editions for the Book Club of California by the Grabhorn Press, San Francisco.. (Handset, of course.) Edward DeWitt Taylor and Henry H. Taylor, San Francisco, won another prize with their "Documents relating to New Netherland" for the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

Paul Elder, the book-shop man, used to publish arty little calendars of compiled sweet thoughts with bird and blossom borders. These and occasional books did not pay him. He no longer publishes. John Howell, of the Open Book Shop, experienced "poor publishing".

Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., under the "Sign of the Lantern", have done the most interesting small book publishing done by booksellers in San Francisco. They work with the Grabhorn Press and produce simple thin volumes of high standard of craftsmanship and rare modern writing. They are not "book-leggers" in unexpurgated volumes like Newbegin's on Union Square but judicious protectors of such rare collections as Genevieve Taggart's 'Hawaiian Flights", tropical poems or Rabbi Newman's 'Jolly Jeremiads", which are translations from ancient and witty Hebrew writings.

"The Modern Writer", by Sherwood Anderson, is the latest and most succulent volume from the "Sign of the Lantern". It is Anderson at his best, free from triumphs of the egg (which was surely scrambled) and in a mood of fireside prophecy.

Cultivated booklovers do well with California artist printers but what about the artist who wants to publish a book and cannot go East to launch his treasure ship? He is indeed brave to dive into local publication without the advertising backing that eastern publishers furnish.

A mustang in the publishing field is a young artist, Francois Nazare, Aga, who has printed his own volume of sketches and sketchy wording called "Scribbling on the Table-cloth". He came here after the war, with his French flying medals carefully out of sight, to start over again in the great open spaces. The "Aga" means some dressy Persian title of nobility.

Nazare is a war remnant, quite intact and graceful in person and very shattered in human values; hence the subtile propaganda against war in his "Scribblings on the Table-cloth". He depicts "Civilization" as a black-faced little grotesque wearing a chic French hat and a halo atop that, holding a crucifix and wearing a rosary with barbaric ease, while she flirts with time and space. The type set-up is European in character, all upper case letters and the cover is simplest butcher paper, lined with gayest color.

Almost-radical young magazines spring up over night in San Francisco. The San Francisco Review is a yellow covered sheetlet with wood-block decoration, filled with that wider-vision and larger-lunacy of thought so prevalent to-day. Several other monthly pamphlets devoted to poetry only rise and shine and flicker out each year. The school of Mencken and Nathan has its echoes this side of the Rocky Mountains in these "little magazines".

Ten years ago, The Little Review, the ultra-modern magazine, was published in San Francisco, under a Chinese paper tip-on cover. It was then a migratory magazine en route from Chicago, its starting place, to Paris, where it has not yet arrived. It is the New York radical-art and what not house organ for the seven isms of Jewry and Christendom. It is the black sheep, bellwether that leads many young people of literary ability across barren ground, financially, and the bad lands, artistically.

The cult of Crowninshield, with his House Beautiful, Vogue and Vanity Fair, has not a California counterpart except in some feeble cousins of the realm of house organs for smart hotels. The Del Monte Properties are on the raw edge of such a de luxe echo of smartness, sports and fringes of society interwoven with affluent art chatter. This ilustrated fortnightly will be called "Game and Gossip". California Life in Los Angeles is edited in somewhat the same tradition and is the lost hope of an original intention to become the West Coast Vanity Fair.

Culturally we are almost out of the adolescent class and somewhere just around the turn of our tomorrows is the publisher of books, the editor of magazines and the foster-er of the arts who will put the western idea before the world, undiffused by European and New England traditions.

RUSSELL SCOTT

Candidate for

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Monterey County

PRIMARY ELECTION
AUGUST 31, 1926

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PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. ELLA RIGNEY of Carmel sails from San Francisco Saturday, September 4, on the Panama-Pacific liner Ecuador with her niece, Miss Ruby Rathburn of San Jose, for New York. They will visit Havana on the way and from New York will make trips to the principal cities of the East, including Philadelphia where they will spend some days at the Sesquicentennial exposition.

* * *

Francis Llewellyn Lloyd, who spent the summer in Carmel, left last Saturday for Montreal to join his father, Professor Lloyd of McGill University on a trip as the guests of the United Fruit company to Cuba, the Canal Zone and Costa Rica, returning in time for the opening of McGill where Francis is a second-year student in arts. Mrs. Lloyd and her son David will remain in Carmel until their return to Montreal October 1.

* * *

Miss Madeline Moquine, who has just returned from a trip to the South Seas, is visiting friends in Carmel.

* *

Miss Harriet Stock is in Palo Alto for two weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hopper of Hollywood are in The Lark for the balance of this month.

* * *

Mrs. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University has taken the Huntington cottage on The Point for a week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cox have returned from Los Angeles.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sneed from Los Angeles are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie in Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mr. John Burnham of Pasadena is at Hotel La Playa.

* * *

Mrs. H. J. Shepherd has gone to Sacramento for a week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Short have returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

* * *

Mrs. John Leavell, wife of Major Leavell, who has been in Texas, is visiting in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. O. J. Cope has gone to Los Angeles for a few days' visit.

* * *

Novice Baumhauer, African game hunter, is staying at Del Monte.

* * *

Miss Jadviga Noskowiak and her sister, Gertrude, are away on a camping trip to the Big Sur and will return tonight.

* * *

Gordon Moore is leaving for New York in a few days.

* * *

Mrs. Lee Gottfried has returned from a visit to Bass Lake.

Miss Virginia Clippinger of Cincinnati, who has been visiting in Carmel for a few days, has left for Los Angeles for a short stay before returning to her home.

* * *

J. N. Bostick and his brother, Dr. John Bostick of the United States Navy, spent the week-end in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell from Los Gatos have taken one of the Hollyhock Court bungalows for a month.

* * *

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Coolley of the Famous Players-Laskey company are staying at La Playa.

* * *

Mrs. William Van Antwerp of Burlingame is at Pebble Beach for a few days.

* * *

Hendrik Hagemeyer has left for a business trip to the south.

* * *

Miss Louise Prince has returned to Carmel from a visit to Seattle.

SOCIETY

THE MARRIAGE of Ursula Hooper Johnson of San Francisco and Carmel and Frederick Houghton Moore of San Jose took place last Friday at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan at 2823 Broderick street, San Francisco.

* * *

Mrs. Leigh Liston gave a dinner party Saturday night. Among the guests were Miss Mary Flanders, Bernie Dorcy, Franklin Murphy and Frank Bilger Jr.

* * *

A beach supper party Monday night included the Misses Gladys and Constance Vander Roest, Mrs. Berverley Clarke, Harold Hestwood and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hestwood.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton entertained at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club Friday evening. Their guests were Miss Helen Judson, Miss Georgia White, Mr. Morton Wallace, Mr. O. J. Cope, Mr. James C. Doud and Mr. Novice Baumhauer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson gave an informal dinner party last Thursday night. The guests were Mrs. Caroline Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Orcutt, Mr. and Mrs. Rafe Todd and Ira Remsen. After the dinner the party went to Del Monte for dancing.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Farley gave a tea at her home on Dolores street last Friday in honor of Miss Heath Anderson whose water colors were on exhibition at the Arts and Crafts hall on Sunday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Skene, Mrs. Robert Richards, Mrs. Nettie Vergon, Miss Grace Ward, Mrs. Laura Gray, Mrs. Sara Deming, Miss Eva Belle Adams and Mrs. C.H. Lowell.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams entertained the Commedia group at their home on Junipero and Eleventh last Friday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. David O'Neill, Miss Barbara O'Neill, Houghton and George O'Neill, Miss Miriam White, Miss Esther Waite, Fulton Tooker, Did Greene and Meade Williams.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton entertained Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Madera of Salinas on Sunday evening.

K A Y S
LUNCHEON
TEA
DOLORES STREET

JULY POSTAL RECEIPTS SHOW 20 PERCENT INCREASE OVER 1925

Miss Stella Vincent has what appears to be an incontrovertible answer to those who assert that there have been fewer people in Carmel this year than in 1925. As postmistress she has given The Cymbal a report of postal receipts for the month of July and this shows a total of $2,297.71 as against $1,911.42 for the same month last year. Miss Vincent also reports that she is unable at this time to give a report on the money order, registry and insurance business for the month and declares that this will show a proportionate increase over the total for July of last year.

CARMEL CITIZENS TO DO THEIR DUTY AS ELECTORATE TUESDAY

Sample ballots have been received by Carmel voters for the state and county primary election which takes place next Tuesday. County officers will practically all be chosen at the primary, but as far as the state is concerned the result of Tuesday's voting, except in one or two cases where there is only one candidate for an office and he has been endorsed by both parties, will merely determine the party candidates at the final election in November.

Carmel polling places have been announced as Robert Stanton's Real Estate office at Lincoln and Ocean avenues for all those living South of Ocean, and C. O. Goold's stage office at San Carlos and Ocean for all those living north.

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Notes and Comment

A MAN departed this life last Monday and the fact was recorded in the newspapers of the country in type large enough for recording the death of a president and much larger than would have been used if the demise had been that of Bernard Shaw or Edna St. Vincent Millay. The newspaper headlines used in the announcement of an ordinary happening to a human being are the thermometers of the popularity of the said human being, measuring the width and length of his fame, not the height and depth of it. Certainly there were more people in the world last Monday who were interested in what happened to Rudolph Valentino than would have been concerned with such a common thing as death happening to Calvin Coolidge. As for Shaw and Miss Millay they are hopelessly lost in the dust of the road in a race with the now extinct film star. There are thousands of persons throughout the English-speaking and English-writing world who would think you were dealing in a bit of Puritan profanity if you mentioned the name of the great British critic and playwright and thousands more to whom the name of the great woman poet of America is merely a name and nothing else. But while time heals all wounds it also does a great deal of blotting out and accentuating and in twenty years from today the two words Rudolph Valentino will have little connotation while those of Shaw and Millay will still be glistening with delightful memories. However, we came to praise Valentino not to bury him, and there must be some rare roses laid on th mound that will mark the spot where Rudolph bled. No man can compel the beating of paths to an open door where lights shimmer on a silver screen without being entitled in this day of human contest to a lot of credit for his ability to accomplish just that. No man can put his name on the red-stained lips of gasping maidens without being entitled to plaudits for the accomplishment. In what we have come to consider the finer things in humankind Rudolph Valentino started with less than nothing only a few short years ago. He had the face and figure that moved him up a bit closer in the throng that stood at the foot of the golden steps of Hollywood fame, but he must have had something a bit more laudable to give him the strength to keep on going up after getting his foot on the bottom step. Mencken says that you don't have to have any more brains to be a movie actor than you have to have to be a Methodist minister. We don't believe it. In this day and age fame and riches are the goal and no Methodist minister ever attained them. Rudolph Valentino acquired both of them. It is said that if he had been wiser in using the latter he would have lived longer to enjoy the former. But movie fans will not mourn him long; there are enough of the handsome crowding the Hollywood gates to fill the gap again and again.

* * *

THE FIRST LAP of the regular four-year marathon for government cheques is about run. On August 31 the sovereign people of the great state of California will make grave decisions at the polls. Who shall have the privilege (doubtful) of declaring himself the Republican candidate for governor, and who shall have the privilege (equally doubtful) of carrying the banner of the Democratic party, will be announced to gaping crowds before the bulletin boards next Tuesday night. Also we shall know then whether Sam Shortridge is to go back to his innocuous duties in that aggregation called the Senate of the United States. Incidentally, because the primary is about the final word in political sideshows in this state we will be relieved of any more anxiety as to the identity of the next sheriff of Monterey county, and who, too, are to be out district attorney and our coroner and our various constables. It's all fearfully exciting and fearfully important, but actually it is not nearly as interesting and thrill producing as whether or not Aimee was in our Carmel bungalow and what chances there are for sunshine next Sunday.

* * *

AFTER ALL there are only two problems in Carmel confronting governmental bodies. They are sanitation and the conservation of our natural, rugged beauty which physically distinguishes this community among all others in the west. The sanitation problem is tentatively in the most capable hands of Captain W. L. Tower and his associates on the Carmel Sanitary board and these gentlemen are most conscientiously and with appropriate calm and deliberation taking careful and effective steps toward meeting the growing menace of poor and inadequate sewerage. But in the end, and not far in the future, this problem will devolve into one that the State of California

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

Say it often

SHE WILL NEVER TIRE OF THEM

and therefore not of the giver, even though you send her our cut flowers every day. What a happy thought! Instead of writing her a daily note or telephoning her—the conventional thing—just send her different flowers each day from our shop

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CANDIDATE FOR

JUSTICE OF
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MONTEREY TOWNSHIP
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SUBJECT TO PRIMARY ELECTION AUGUST 31, 1926

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DOLORES
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Interesting Exhibit At Arts and Crafts

A JOINT EXHIBITION of drawings by Allan Cram and paintings by Margaret Bruton will be held at Arts and Crafts Club beginning August 29. Miss Bruton, who is now living in Monterey, has studied in New York and has just returned from a year in France and Italy. Among her paintings will be shown a four-paneled screen which received enthusiastic commendation from Arthur Miller, art critic of the Los Angeles Times. He says, "What a glowing land of yellow hills and blue sea are conjured on to these four panels! Where is it? Are these Indians or South Sea Islanders? Can these be the hills of Monterey, or is that blue water a High Sierra lake? If this screen really captivates your heart, as I believe it will, such questions will never trouble you. You will only long to share in this idyllic life, to fondle your babe under this tree, to grind your corn in this stone mortar.

"It is a pleasure to walk up and see how the actual paint is laid on, the fitness of the brush stroke to the part it plays in the whole. The color is the color of a dream, but a full rich earth dream."

Allan Cram needs no introduction to art lovers in Carmel. His work is already popular on the Coast.

The exhibition will be held for a week beginning August 29 and the public is invited to attend.

Adventures in Eating Out

Number Twelve

THE GIRL behind the counter was doing her best to discover just what kind of candy the midget in front of the counter wished to invest her one precious cent in. With smiling patience she suggested half a dozen varieties before she was successful in producing the kind that came "in lumps" which was the midget's only description of her desire. From one of the booths across the shop we watched this little incident and it occurred to us that it was typical of the service given in Whitney's—smiling helpfulness to every customer, regardless of age or the amount of cash in sight. And if a good meal served in that sort of atmosphere doesn't taste even better, then we want to know why!

Whitney's is carrying on the famous Basham tradition and the rushing business they are handling is a proof of how successfully they are doing it. There seems to be never a lull in the soda fountain activities; never for long are the tables or booths unoccupied. The luncheons are substantial and well cooked, daintily and promptly served and never (in our experience) without the accompaniment of a friendly smile.

It is not to be wondered at that, as it was under Mrs. Basham's reign, "you meet the people you know" at Whitney's.

VOTE FOR
J. E. STEINBECK
(Incumbent)
Candidate for
TREASURER
of Monterey County
[Subject to Primary Election August 31, 1926]

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SPENGLER TRACES RISE AND FALL OF CULTURE

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

READING CAN become a habit like anything else, and acquire that monotonous duty-like air which takes the spark out of things. Into this intellectual routine there sometimes flashes an idea which gives one a view from another level. It is as though, plodding along a hill road, one comes suddenly around a bend, and sees an unexpected stretch of country displayed below. One has perhaps walked over the whole scene frequently, but never before have field and valley, village and plain fitted so surprisingly together. A bend of the river which before was only a bend of the river, now becomes a silver line separating a yellow field from a green one, and woods and hills which had existed singly have become part of the whole.

Such an experience was the following passage in Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West". "Every individual being that has any sort of importance recapitulates, of necessity, all the epochs of the culture to which it belongs. In each of us, at that decisive moment when he begins to know that he is an ego, the inner life wakens just where and how that of the culture wakened long ago. Each of us men of the West, in his child's day-dreams and child's play lives again its Gothic—the cathedrals, the castles, the hero sagas . . . Every young Greek had his Homeric age and his Marathon . . . When Goethe blocked out the Urfaust (the first draft of Faust I)he was Parsifal; when he finished Faust I he was Hamlet, and only with Faust II did he become the world-man of the nineteenth century whom Byron could understand."

This of course is an idea familiar to biologists. A human being in its pre-natal life repeats the history of the race. One stage after another through which man has slowly and painfully evolved is passed in chronological order. So far, however, the analogy has been recognized chiefly in its physiological significance. It has remained for Spengler to treat this subject from a cultural point of view.

Because of his scholarship and his ability to detach himself from his day and age he has been able to trace fundamental connections between events which we have hitherto considered isolated, just as in looking down from the hill-side we are able to see that the scrub along the field-edges must once have been the principal vegetation of the valley. "Every culture," he says, "every adolescence and maturing and decay of a culture, every one of its intrinsically necessary stages and periods, has a definite duration, always the same, always recurring with the emphasis of a symbol." This could only have been observed by a man able to stand aside and watch the march of events clearly depicted by past ages and accentuated by the proximity of his own.

That higher culture is organic is but another unifying principle giving a cue to a vaster synthesis. The present absorption of young nations with mechanics, speed, wealth, the largest cities, the highest buildings, and other material superlatives, is typical of adolescence. It should not be understood, however, that this takes place only in time, for all stages are to be observed in the present also. The Europe of to-day shows us intellect arrived at the stage of fruition. India and the East have attained spirituality while America is concerned with material development. In other words, America is passing through the stage of simple consciousness, Europe has attained self-consciousness and the East has gone beyond this into super-consciousness.

The "Decline of the West" is not easy reading. It is packed so full of ideas, analogies, and historical references, and presupposes such a wide range of reading that one has to maintain a steady alertness not to miss the thread of the argument. It is, however, a book of such value to the present age that one can ill afford to miss it. Although the reader has only arrived at page 110 in a book of over four hundred pages which promises to run into two or three volumes it seems as if there has been enough material already to make two books. Each page could be reviewed separately. In this richness of subject matter the book is typically German.

The following quotations from the first two chapters will give an idea of the scope of the work:

"The born mathematician takes his place by the side of the great masters of the fugue, the chisel and the brush; he and they alike strive, and must strive, to actualize the grand order of all things by clothing it in symbol and so to communicate it to the plain fellow-man who hears that order within himself but cannot effectively possess it; the domain of number like the domains of tone, line and color, become an image of the world-form."

"In all history so far, there is no second example of one Culture paying to another Culture long extinguished such reverence and submission in matters of science as ours has paid to the Classical. It was very long before we found courage to think our proper thought. But though the wish to emulate the Classical was constantly present, every step of the attempt took us in reality furher away from the imagined ideal. The history of Western knowledge is thus one of progressive emancipation from Classical thought, an emancipation never willed but enforced in the depths of the unconscious."

"In a hundred years all sciences that are still possible on this soil will be parts of a single vast Physiognomic of all things human."

"In the destinies of the several cultures that follow upon one another, touch, overshadow, and suppress one another, is compressed the whole content of human history."

"A culture is born in the moment when a great soul awakens out of the proto-spirituality of ever-childish humanity and detaches itself, a form from the formless, a bounded and mortal thing from the boundless and enduring."

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"THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID"

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

A QUESTION which it amuses me to speculate upon but which I suppose there is no way of settling definitely to any one's satisfaction is this: Does the individual, brought up west of the Rockies, experience as deep a thrill on his first trip to the Atlantic coast, as the individual brought up east of the Alleghanies, experiences when he comes for the first time to the Pacific? Unfortunately you can't have both these experiences and so judge and compare your reactions. As for myself, who belong to the latter classification, I can only feel an unshakable conviction that the Westerner's thrill at first sight of the Woolworth Tower or the Statue of Liberty or Broadway in its blaze of nightly illumination must be a weak and watery sensation compared to my own emotions on my first ride through the mountains of Arizona in an automobile. That was a series of novel sensations that I, fresh from the flatness of Philadelphia, shall not soon forget. Whenever I could wrench my petrified gaze from the narrow, rough road with its terrific grades, where only a few perilous inches lay between our outer wheels and a plunge into depths measured by thousands of feet, I was breathless at the vista of mountain ridges on all sides—in that marvelously clear atmosphere they seemed to fill the world to an awe-inspiring infinity.

The receptive Easterner, however, who has read even a minimum of the literature of the great open spaces receives many a pleasant thrill from less exciting experiences than such a first ride. It is a long time before you become blase at the color your daily life is given by things which before had existed only as names in books. Chief among these inevitably, of course, is the sight of the cowboy to be seen jogging along calmly on his legitimate business and quite as ordinary a part of the landscape as the ubiquitous ground squirrel. The Westerner may look just as superior as he chooses at the ease with which the Easterner is entertained—as for me, I feel sort of sorry for those who must miss such thrills.

In spite of all we read and hear and accept concerning the actual truth about the cowpuncher, the aura of romance stubbornly refuses to be entirely dissipated. Western stories continue to find ready market, both in magazine and book form. But of recent years a new sort of literature has made its appearance and which enjoys popularity even beyond the class of readers who absorb such periodicals as "Ranch Tales" and the novels of Zane Grey. This literature concerns itself with the actual history, the true facts dug up by research and study, of the famous characters and the famous happenings of the West. And for picturesque, colorful romance there is no figure more arresting than that of "Billy the Kid", the cowboy outlaw of New Mexico who was the leading spirit of the famous and bloody Lincoln County War. His story is told by Walter Noble Burns, who left no stone unturned to gather the facts, and as there are a number of people still alive who knew Billy the Kid and as, after all, he did not live so very long ago, Mr. Burns has been able to bring together material for a fascinating tale.

Even if you are a born and bred Westerner and quite unmoved by the sight of sombreros and stock saddles, you can't help but find "The Saga of Billy the Kid" a book full of the most absorbing adventures written in as vivid a style as any work of fiction. It needn't necessarily be described as morbid curiosity, for whose imagination would not be stirred and a desire to know more roused by hearing that this boy, who was killed when he was only twenty-one, had himself killed twenty-one men, one for each year of his short life?

RELATIVES

CONCEPTION accidental,
Swaddled in beliefs of yesterday,
Apprenticed to a family rule,
Intimidated by schools and things
Into an approved normality,
Worn, as waters wear the rocks,
Into smooth machinery,
I die—I am dead,
I want to think—I cannot.
I must think—must raise this dead,
Break through the stench of civilization,
Act once as I—and live!
Sing, dance, play, paint,—
Raphael, Mozart—who were they?
What God dared whisper "a few" in the ear?
Sons of God, you say?
Artists of God, spontaneously creating ones,
Black, white, yellow, no difference,
Beautiful ones, thinking Beauty,
This is Life.

—D. D.

LOST—Saturday, August 21 grey tobacco pouch with zipper closing containing about five dollars in change, between Curtis Candy Store and residence of Mrs. L. B. Keplinger on San Carlos at Santa Lucia. Finder notify Telephone 340 W or P. O. box 671. Reward.

LOST—Small tan dog between Pebble Beach and Carmel. Answers to the name of "Midgie". Call Carmel 58 or 808 Laine St., Monterey. Reward.

FLAVIN'S PLAY TO BE NOTEWORTHY EVENT

"CHILDREN OF THE MOON", the three-act drama by Martin Flavin, which has been chosen as the eighth production of the 1926 season at the Arts and Crafts theater, under the direction of George M. Ball, will be of particular interest to the people of the Monterey Peninsula as it was not only written at "Spindrift", Flavin's home at The Highlands, but he has also used this wild bit of coast as the locale for his play.

The story deals with the strange Atherton family who live on these barren cliffs and into whose lives comes a young major of the World War when his airplane is wrecked near their home. The incidents following the crash of Major Bannister's plane form the basis for the many dramatic scenes of the play.

The cast is one of the best that has appeared at the Arts and Crafts theater this season and the enthusiasm with which the members are entering into the spirit of the play promises a finished performance on the nights of September 3 and 4.

FRANK SHERIDAN SHOWS HIS MIGHT AS MOVIE DIRECTOR

Frank Sheridan returned the past week from Paraiso Springs with new laurels. He is not only a movie scenario writer, but a film director. While at the springs with Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Charles E. Todd and her mother, Mrs. Marie Wollsen, and daughter, Dorothy, Sheridan took advantage of the number of individual movie cameras at the resort to produce a picture. He wrote the play, used the vacationists for the actors and directed the filming. It is said that the result was an uproarious success.

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THE MOON

By GEORGE VILLIERS

DO YOU remember the evening we came home late after supper,
And entering our long, low cottage-room with its window at the end,
Through the lattice spied the enormous moon
Hanging there, silent and strange?
Caught in the low branches of an apple tree,

Do you remember how we stood stock-still and caught our breath,
Nor dared to speak, lest our hot words of wonder
Should break in upon and burst that shining peace,
That far glory,
That irradiance?

Do you remember how it seemed a desecration to move, or stir a limb?—
How all life—our life, and the inanimate life of the books and the tables and chairs
Seemed suspended, cut off from the color and clamour of day,
Held up in a holy trance
To receive from oh, how far
The slow inevitable gesture of benediction?

Do you remember how we abashed ourselves?—
How suddenly the sense of our life rushed in on us, painted and sham,
In face of that steel-cold clearness,
That unhurried glory,
That incuriousness? . . .

From the London Mercury

Persinger String Quartet

THE PENINSULA Philharmonic Society makes another contribution to the joy of the community in the presentation Thursday evening of the Persinger String Quartet, made up of four musicians who, as members of the former San Francisco Chamber Music Society have made a name for themselves in music circles throughout the country since 1915. The quartet will be heard at the Theatre of the Golden Bough and will offer an especially interesting and diversified program. Tentatively this has been arranged as follows:

1. Quartet, B flat major.....(Mozart)
2. Andante Cantabile.....(Tschaikowsky)
3. Spanish Dance.....(Albeniz)
4. To Spring.....(Grieg)
5. Orientale .....(Glazounow)
6. Quartet in D flat major.....(Dohnanyi)

The tickets for the concert are being sold by members of the Philharmonic Society and also may be obtained at the box office of the theater where the tickets obtained from the members must be exchanged for reserved seats. Music lovers are advised to obtain their tickets early as there has already been a large request for them.

Word has just been received by Henry Holt and Company from Romain Rolland, author of "Jean-Christophe", that the third part of his new novel, "The Soul Enchanted" —of which "Annette and Sylvie" and "Summer" have already appeared—will be finished in the fall. It will be published in this country in January, under the title "Mother and Son", and will be issued in two long volumes.

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SLASHES OF LIFE

By Robert Welles Ritchie

THREE-LEGGED WILLIE

SOME OF MY BOYHOOD years were spent in a pretty tough town in Northern California; a raw, reckless sort of place where, in the phrase of the West, "everything went". The surrounding country was given up to ranches and sheep grazing and when men rode into town they were looking for trouble with the hair on.

One of our citizens was Three-Legged Willie, judge of the county court. He had gained his sobriquet—given in affection rather than scorn—because of a peculiar arrangement of his underpinning. He had been a soldier of the Confederacy, had Three-Legged Willie; a minie ball had so smashed his left knee that the lower part of the limb was useless. Instead of amputation the surgeons had patched him up so that he could walk with his knee in the socket of a jury wooden leg;the rest of the limb wagged uselessly behind him when he walked.

A fine little gentleman was our Three Legged Willie. A mere wisp of a man with a great white head and a face like a withered apple. I remember that he always wore what we used to call a Prince Albert, and the way that useless foot had of waggling inside the long coat tails was a constant beguilement to us youngsters. He never quit his home without chewing peanuts—some whispered he'd once cured himself of the drink habit this way and had acquired the peanut habit in its place. You could always trail Three-Legged Willie down under the flaming oleanders that used to line Locust street by the wisps of shells and bits of red gossamer inner skin he left behind him.

Another quaintness of our judge; he never spoke above a whisper. Perhaps a bullet through his throat in the Rebellion had induced partial paralysis. Long years after Three-Legged Willie went to his reward I knew another judge in New York, Justice Goff, who used to sentence a man to the chair in just such a whisper.

Well, once our town was all torn up over a bitter civil suit brought before Three-Legged Willie's court; some matter of contested water rights which had led to vicarious shooting and what our town called "hell-to-pay" Feeling ran very high. The selection of a jury was a delicate and long drawn out matter. In the back country several midnight murders were directly attributable to the matter at issue.

One of the interested parties had secured the services of a lawyer from Marysville who possessed a great local reputation. I imagine as I look back upon the incident that reputation was built largely on bluster and bullying and sheer audacity. He was one of those rim-fire lawyers who could be heard six blocks away from the courthouse; a great hulk of a man with a seventeen collar and the look of apoplexy behind his eyes all the time.

He riled our Three-Legged Willie before the trial was well under way; and that made all of us towners mad. It was inevitable that they should clash: this water buffalo with no more manners than a jungle creature and our Chesterfieldian little judge. As the trial progressed the Marysville lawyer became more and more overbearing as Three-Legged Willie exercised strict and impartial decisions in the matter of evidence. There began to be murmurs around town of the likelihood of a "shootin' bee" starting; for our Willie's temper was known to have certain bounds beyond which it was dangerous to push it.

Climax came in the court room one day when the judge ruled as inadmissible point after point of evidence the bullying lawyer was trying to get before the jury; evidence upon which the success of his case depended. The man was on his feet, eyes flaming wrath, mouth puffing with the exertion of his roaring protests. Suddenly his right hand darted under his coat tails and he brought out a heavy '45 revolver which he laid on the counsel table, the muzzle bearing directly at the white head of the judge.

"Looks as if this here'd be about the only law and evidence in this case," he thundered.

Three-Legged Willie peered down through his gold specks at what menaced him with its cold blue eye. Then he opened a drawer in his desk and brought out two old fashioned navy revolvers which he carefully ranged to cover the lawyer.

"And this will be the decision of the court," he whispered.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. MORGAN TO EXHIBIT HER PAINTINGS

Paintings and drawings by Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan will be on exhibition at her studio at Surf Echoes, Lincoln street near Eighth avenue, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, August 29, 30 and 31, from three to six o'clock in the afternoon. The public is invited to view the work of Mrs. Morgan.

THE TIDES AT CARMEL

August 25—High, 12:30 a.m.
Low, 6:12 a.m. and 5:55 p.m.
August 26—High, 1:11 a.m. and 12:16 p.m.
Low, 7:14 a.m. and 6:39 p.m.
August 27—High—1:53 a.m. and 1:21 p.m.
Low—8:19 a.m. and 7:23 p.m.
August 28—High, 2:41 a.m. and 2:32 p.m.
Low, 9:28 a.m. and 8:10 p.m.
August 29—High,3:31 a.m. and 2:52 p.m.
Low, 10:42 a.m. and 9:01 p.m.
August 30—High, 4:28 a.m. and 5:16 p.m.
Low, 11:53 a.m. and 10 p.m.
August 31—High, 5:25 a.m. and 6:33 p.m
Low, Midnight mean tide and 11:10p.

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A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF RUSSIAN MUSIC BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

By MARY ELIZABETH LLOYD

IN ATTEMPTING to condense the vast amount of interesting material that I have found relating to Russian music, and especially to Russian music of the 19th century, I have decided to develop the historical aspect, rather than to stress most interesting details in the lives and works of the great Russian composers of the 19th century who are becoming known to us, as the people most competent to give us their music are driven to take refuge anywhere in the wide world that opportunity to help themselves and others still more unfortunate, is offered to them.

Even in most primitive times the Slavs were easily inspired and moved by music, and they practised the art in very early phases of their civilization.

In the 6th century, the Wends told the Emperor of Byzantium that they never carried arms nor depended on them to subdue their enemies, but rather musical instruments which they had made themselves. Thy had a horizontal harp, a fiddle with three strings played with a bow, bagpipes, drums and cymbals.

In Russia, as well as in France, England and Germany, perhaps in every country, music has first taken the form of folk song.

This period of ancient folk song in Russia reached its height about the 10th century in the reign of Vladimir, called the Red Sun, the first Christian prince of Russia.

There are few records of this first period, but the second period, which dates from the establishment of Christianity (11th century) when music fell under Byzantine influence is notable for the struggle between the Byzantine monks and the people and the suppression of songs, dances and all spectacular amusements.

So persistent and effectual was the repression of all earthly enjoyment that one monkish chronicle was able to remark with satisfaction, "that for the time being, there was silence in all the land of Russia."

This attempt did not entirely stamp out the love of music in the land, for the nobles on their great estates still cherished and patronized the singers.

During the Dark Ages, when Russia had no schools nor universities nor any legitimate means of recreation, the people found a dramatic sensation in the elaborate and inpressive ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church.

At the close of the 15th century a School of Drama was established. The students recited the events of the Nativity on a sort of portable re-table on which were arranged figures representing the birth of Christ, and the "Passion of Our Lord" was recited the same way.

This was interspersed with choral singing This period, though a century later in development, is comparable to that of the mystery and morality plays in England and Germany.

In the 16th century, Ivan the Terrible, contemporary with Queen Elizabeth and the great Elizabethan period in English literature, sent to Germany for printers and published the first Russian book, containing the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. He did nothing for the secular education of the court of the people, nor did Boris Goudenoff who followed him.

Not until Alexander Mikhailovitch, the second Romanoff and the father of Peter the Great, was any interest shown in the Fine Arts.

This encouragement of music provoked a final outburst of clerical intolerance and in 1649, a period contemporaray with the English Stuarts and the French Grand Monarque, all the musical instruments belonging to the City of Moscow were burnt in the open market place by order of the Patriarch Joseph. Those belonging to the Czar's private band were spared, perhaps because their owners being German were welcome to go to perdition in their own way. Under this same Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch, the history of Russian drama, always closely associated in Russian with opera, assumes a more definite form. The Czar had married the adopted daughter of the Prince Matveieff, whose wife belonged to the Scottish house of Hamilton—and as a result this household had a more cosmopolitan outlook.

Russian nobles and ambassadors to the courts of Italy, France and England brought home naive but enthusiastic accounts of Moliere's comedies, of Italian operas, and perhaps of Shakespearian tragedies in England, and urged on by the tastes of his wife, the Czar was incited to issue an ukase to recruit in Courland all kinds of people to organize plays and give music.

Eastern Europe which still spoke in bated breath of the cruelties of Ivan the Terrible, although they had taken place a century before, showed no great eagerness to take service under the Czar, and the impresario was obliged to return with but one trumpeter and four other musicians. Nevertheless, the ukase itself is an important landmark in the cultural evolution of Russia, marking the end

(Turn to Page Sixteen)

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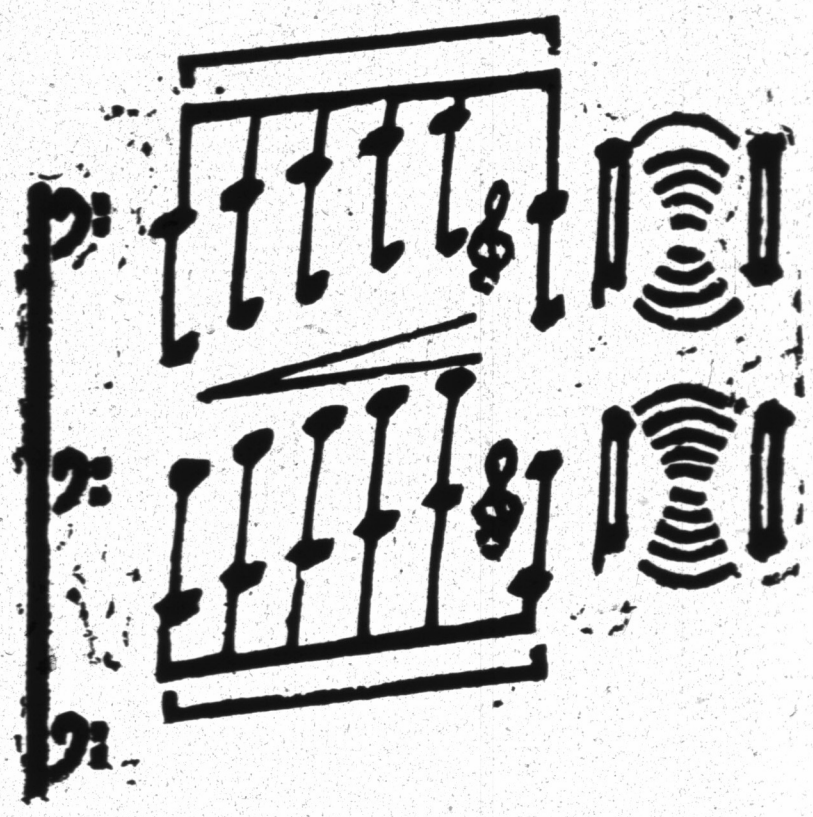
HENRY COWELL COMING TO CARMEL IN CONCERT

HENRY COWELL, the composer pianist, who has recently returned from a European tour, will give a recital of his own compositions at the Denny and Watrous studio in Carmel on Sunday afternoon, September 5.

Cowell's tour of Europe was a triumphal one. He gave successful concerts from his own compositions in Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna, Venice and Buda-Pesth, as well as six big concerts in Prague, Brunn and Bratislav in Czecho-Slovakia.



Due to the courtesy extended to him by Dr. Vladimir Ulehla, who was last year a visitor in Carmel while pursuing research work at the Carnegie Laboratory, Cowell met all the modern Czech composers, among them, Jenachek, whose opera, "Jenufa", has been given by the Metropolitan Grand Opera company.

Cowell also gave recitals in Paris, London and Dublin, where his paternal grandparent was Dean of Kildare.

There is only a limited acommodation for guests at the Denny and Watrous studio and those who desire to hear the great modern composer are urged to obtain their tickets early. The tickets will be on sale this week and next at the Staniford Drug store. They are one dollar.

By CAROLINE KIMBALL

HENRY COWELL is coming.

If this meant merely that another individual will do his eating, sleeping, talking and walking about in Carmel for a few days the announcement would belong in a column chronicling happenings of no special value to the community. But it means more even than the coming of an artist, which he is, or performer or composer, and for a reason that it is necessary to look into sooner or later if as individuals we do not want to crystalize at our present state of growth.

Comparisons are not odious—if they are not personal; we are doing it every day of our lives, otherwise the world would not have progressed. So, impersonally, and with keen appreciation for what has been and is being given to us musically, let us compare for a moment, simply to make a bit clearer what it is that Henry Cowell means to art.

Beautiful, or satisfying or interesting as concerts may be, they are, in the main, one individual's expression of himself presented by another individual with everything in favor of the presentation. Contributions from the past cluster round the performer;—he has the finest scores of the finest writers as an inheritance; he has an instrument adequate to his needs that is the achievemen of long and skilful industry;—and his audience is securely with him as representative of traditions well bulwarked. For obstacles he has only the sum of his own particular limitations, great or small, many or few. The concert is a well deserved triumph over these, to which triumph acknowledgment is generously given, the result being due to the measure of his thoughtfulness, his industry and his technical achievement. We, the audience, know that we will hear what we already have heard, done in rare instances as we never have heard it done before—in rarer instances are given something that has not yielded to the confines of the past. This is what the average concert going sums up, to the average concert goer. Next morning the critic will speak to the reader in terms of tone, touch, phrase, interpretation, climaxes, etc. While it may stand out as a superb performance, it is an achievement always within reach of the critic's vocabulary.

Henry Cowell is coming, and will give a concert, not as virtuoso, not as composer per se only in so far as composition is his way of saying what he has spent years thinking out. He has to write his prophet message himself; has to deliver it on an instrument inadequate to his offering; has to pioneer among the traditionally bound, and before these obstacles has to convince an audience. Simply, retiringly, he pays us the compliment of attributing to us the capacity to respond to closer harmonies, to wider ranges, and to more elasticity than has characterized our customary thinking. A critic sitting before this player might logically put away his pencil unless he grasps the fact that his usual vocabulary is not pertinent, and that listening to Henry Cowell is listening far less to a man than to one expression of a great world movement, pushing its way on and on. That is why Roland Hayes is singing his compositions, and why European audiences crowded to the stage, not to lift the man on their shoulders but to go to the instrument to try what this is that he has opened up to their eager receptivity.

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PROMISE OF MILLION WORD NOVEL STIRS PENCIL SHARPENER TRADE

By FRANK SULLIVAN
(From the New York World)

LOVERS OF LITERATURE were agog yesterday over the news from London that Compton Mackenzie, the British marathon author, is planning to write a novel of a million words, the longest ever written. Some idea of the magnitude of the task may be gained from the statement that if Mr. Mackenzie writes twelve words a day, nine of which are good literature, for ever so long a period, even then he will be through in time for dinner on any given evening. Publishers here were agreed that a million word novel is no slouch.

"It's what literature to-day needs," said one well-known New York publisher who asked that he be described only as "one who likes his liquor strong and his women weak", "Bigger books is what literature needs. And bookier books. This is an age of progress. We have electric toasters; the Woolworth Building is the tallest in the world; the Mauretania crosses the ocean in five days, and Charley Paddock ran the 220 yards in 20.8 seconds on Sept. 26, 1924."

The general feeling in literary circles hereabouts was that the day of the million-word book is indeed not far off, and that if Mr. Mackenzie accomplishes the feat he will indeed go down in Spalding's Official Literary Record Holders' Guide. For years authors have dreamed of the million-word book, just

as Peary dreamed of the North Pole, and Commander Read dreamed of the Atlantic flight, and as I dreamed last night that I was in a crowded ballroom wearing nothing but a bath towel. It was terrible.

It is said that an English authoress named Crimp wrote in 1843 a novel of five volumes, amounting to 765,493 words. She wrote it in a glass cage and people came from miles to pay a shilling to watch her. The general tone of English literature was raised immeasurably as a result. Miss Crimp was stumped on the 765,494th word, not being able to think of a synonym for "and".

Her record, however, was never officially allowed by the British Marathon Authors' Association because she signed a paper allowing readers to skip any parts of her novel they didn't like.

Most recognized authorities nowadays absolutely refuse to countenance the practice of skipping any parts of their novels that happen to bore the reader. The authors have dubbed the practice by the name of "skipping" and they have prepared a bill, which is now before, or behind, the Albany Legislature, declaring "skipping" illegal, and punishing it with the bastinado.

"Flogging is the only thing that will bring a skipping reader to his senses," declared Heywood Broun, known as the Charley Paddock of authors, because of his remarkable sprint in which he wrote his latest novel, "Gandle Follows His Nose", a piece of 25,000 words in two years and a half.

The only thing that was worrying the local intelligentsia yesterday was the lecture proposition. Margot Asquith wrote a 50,000 word book three years ago and then came over here and lectured two hours and a half per lecture. At the current rate of exchange this would mean that after writing his 1,000,000 word novel Mr. Mackenzie would come over and lecture from Septuagesima Sunday to the second full moon in September because when it's 9 A. M. here, it is 2 P. M. in London.*

The despatches also added that Mr. Mackenzie is training for his ordeal by sharpening pencils. He sharpens two cords of cedar pencils every morning, and then has a brisk rubdown. The exiled Kaiser gets his exercise in much the same way, only he doesn't like his rubdowns too brisk.

(*Blackstone also declares that when it is night time in Italy, it is Wednesday over over here. See Vol. XI, PP 234-38. Ed.)

Lucille Kiester
PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE
EDUCATIONAL TOYS
CHILDREN'S DRESSES
Czecho-Slovakian and Hungarian
Mary Moore Handmade Dresses . . Chase Dolls
Court of The Golden Bough

WHITNEY'S
[Formerly Basham's]
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON
FOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

M. J. MURPHY
CONTRACTING
AND
BUILDING
BUILDING MATERIALS
OFFICE TELEPHONE 153
YARD TELEPHONE 88 W

(Continued from Page Five)

will take charge of and we will find that what we haven't done, or are unable to do, or have blocked through petty insistence on individual rights that refuse to consider the community good, we will be compelled to do by an authority that will brook no denial. When that time comes the Carmel slope of the hills on the Monterey peninsula will be a natural drainage system, with adequate pavements and not superficial conduits carrying the storm waters to the sea. This, striking a clear division between storm drainage and a sewer system, will also automatically solve any street problem that may loom in the future and one of the most important and poorly-handled matters of municipal concern will be taken out of the hands of city trustees. Automatically, too, it will relieve the trustees of the fearful responsibility of a bond issue and the people who will have to pay through a blanket assessment against their property will needs look beyond Dolores street to Sacramento to find the mark for their astonishment and ire. And that, by the way, will be of no avail.

The conservation of our natural beauty—that's something else, and something that will probably remain a desired function of the town trustees for all time in the future. Materially it may not be so important as an adequate sanitary system, but we do not live by bread alone. There is a claim that can justifiably be made by that something we call our souls for want of a more intelligible word. It happens that in Carmel there is a larger percentage of people who chose their homes for the beauty surrounding them than can be claimed by any other city or town in an indefinitely large area of the country. People are living here because, for example, the hills across the Carmel valley are beautiful through a vista laced by trees. Somebody or bodies in the city hall suddenly comes to what absurdly seems to be an irrefutable reason, that the trees must be cut down because a street is necessary. Or to someone else the beauty of the sea is enhanced by the glimpse of it that is permitted by the graceful foliage of a pine, and a city trustee suddenly proves beyond peradventure of a doubt that that certain tree is a menace. Somebody foolishly cherishes the walk to the postoffice because there the trees on Dolores street have withstood the ravages of a concrete pavement, and the city trustee who resigned from the presidency of the now-strangely-absent Carmel Protective League, cuts them down to provide a foot or two of parking space for the automobile of a snap-shotter from Modesto or Eureka. We need on the board of trustees in Carmel a man or two, or if that fails us, a woman or two who will laugh at such nonsense as importing traffic cops and raising property assessments wholesale and a few other heavy matters of legislative business, and do a little heavy protecting of what beauty has been left us by former soulless woodmen. We need a man, or woman, with a rubber stamp that would read something like this: "I don't give a Continental damn what street must go where, or what trunk has a ring around it, or who wants to build a garage, the next tree that goes down in Carmel will fall over my dead body." Because, if indeed such a thing doesn't come to pass, there won't be a tree standing in this town within a radius of a mile of Ocean avenue within no time at all and then heavy legislators of Carmel will find it one of their heavy duties to purchase a park to give the children a chance at something green. And that, Gentle Reader, is no wild dream.

* * *

WOULD YOU be interested in a first volume of The Cymbal bound? A few weeks ago we thought that some of you who have maintained and found it possible, in fact, to augment your interest in the paper, would like to have the first volume bound. And then we looked over those eight issues that make up the first volume and we hesitated about asking you. They are so sort of scrubby, typographically musssy, poorly printed in so many spots, mistakenly edited, too—some of them. We almost come to the conclusion that you would not be interested in possessing them in the bound form as something of actual value. Then it occurred to us that they might be valuable as a curiosity. You might like to have the volume to laugh over or shake your head over, or cherish as the crude beginning of something that developed step by step and week by week into a journal of which Carmel finally became proud. Therefore we have decided to ask you if you would like to have a bound volume of the first eight issues of The Cymbal, beginning with the first number of May 11, 1926 and ending with that of June 29, the end of the half year. If you would, would you please let us know by letter or telephone and we will communicate with a San Francisco book bindery in the matter. We are going to have three or four of these volumes made up for our own archives, but if there are any appreciable number additional wanted the price will probably be lower for each one. We have about twenty of the volumes complete. We would like to hear within a week from all who may be interested and when we determine the cost we will communicate with you and obtain your final decision.

* * *

WE ARE TOLD that "the Del Monte Properties company, turning over four million dollars a year, is an industry which in that showing alone equals the sardine canning industry in turn-over". Byron G. Newell's bacon slicing machine cut $1100 worth of bacon in July—a fact, by the way, which was broadcast over the radio—and Mr. Newell says: "And that, I'll bet, was more than the Carmel garbage collectors took in during the same month". And, we add, no Rotary club can sneer at those figures.

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Confetti To Be Repeated Saturday

ANNOUNCEMENT that Adeline Rotti will repeat "Confetti—Bits of the Dance" at the Theatre of the Golden Bough this Saturday evening has been received with much interest and attendant joy by those who were fortunate enough to witness the fine program last week end and would like to see it again and those who failed to attend. Carmel has often seen dance programs, but it has never seen a better one than that produced by Miss Rotti in "Confetti". Beside the fact that "Confetti" had a wide appeal in the diversity of its numbers, ranging as they did from classical to ultra modern, from staid to extremely amusing, is the very important feature of the speed of the program and the smoothness of it. Also there are no long numbers that might tend to tire one in the repetition of figures, and Miss Rotti apparently and very wisely frowns on encores.

Miss Rotti, herself, contributes a number of solo dances to the program and leads in one or two interesting ensembles. Her feature dancer, Centella Essmueller, made a clean capture of the audiences last Friday and Saturday nights. Her solo dances were both fascinating and perfect in detail and rhythm. In "The Phantom Ship", one of the most beautiful dance ensembles ever seen on the stage, Miss Essmueller proved the perfection of her training and her native ability as a dancer. In "The Top" she showed her versatility and individual charm.

Ruth Kuster and Helen Judson help materially to add charm to the program and the additional assistance of home talent in the persons of Virginia Burton, Marion Minges, Margaret Spring, Ivy Whitworth and the children too numerous to mention assist in rounding out an unusually appealing program of the dance.

"A Study in Relations", and ancient Greek comedy: the "Gawpy Ballet" and "The Ballet of Ocean Avenue" put the humor into the program and what with the charm of the children and the interesting figures in the dances, together with the unique costumes they helped to make it the great success it was.

"Confetti" should fill the Golden Bough next Saturday night.

—D. L.

PRESIDENT OF CARNEGIE INSTITUTION VISITS CARMEL

Dr. John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, made his annual visit to the Coastal Laboratory last last week. He was accompanied by Mrs. Merriam and their son. While here Dr. Merriam took a trip down the coast with Dr. D. T MacDougal to Rocky Creek where the Institution owns some land and where a number of Dr. MacDougal's dendrographs are in operation on the redwood trees. The Merriams made their headquarters at Highlands Inn.

RUSSIAN MUSIC

(Continued from Page Three)

of her long term of secular isolation, as regards the drama.

These five imported musicians formed the nucleus of what was to expand one day into the Imperial orchestra.

The Czar, wishing to celebrate the birthday of Prince Peter, called in Pastor Gregory of the German Church who wrote a tragi-comedy called the "Acts of Artaxerxes". Music played an important part in this performance which lasted for ten hours.

Another drama, "How Judith cut off the Head of Holofernes", is called the first Russian opera. It is like the German so-called "Singspiel". There were also several small ballets given at the Court of Alexis.

Peter the Great, his son, who conceived his mission in life to be the more or less forcible union of Russia with Western Europe, realized the importance of the drama as a subordinate means to this end. He had heard opera in London and in Vienna and had even taken part, dressed as a Friesland peasant, in a pageant given at the Viennese court.

Peter made a genuine attempt to bring the theater within reach of a larger public than that privileged circle which had been invited to the court of his father. Russians of all ranks and foreigners were bidden to attend, as they pleased, "quite freely, having nothing to fear".

(Mrs. Lloyd's interesting history of Russian history will be continued in the next issue of The Cymbal.)

NATIONAL FORESTS TO REMAIN OPEN WITH "NO SMOKING" EDICT

Announcement is made by the United States Forest Service that the National Forests of California will not be closed to public use on September 1, the opening of the statewide hunting season, unless some unforeseen or extremely critical fire situation arises.

Special Federal guards will be placed on the roads leading into all national forests and everyone entering the forest will be required to register. This regulation, coupled with the "no-smoking" orders now in effect in the forests, will, it is believed, materially reduce the number of man-caused fires which always follow the influx of travel into the mountains at the opening of the deer season.

COUNTY ROAD UNDER REPAIRS

The county road skirting Hatton Fields and connecting with the road to The Highlands is undergoing much-needed repairs. It is being levelled and widened and the improvement will reduce the hazard to safe driving and automobile springs.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Washburn of Pasadena are occupying their cottage on San Antonio and Tenth avenue.

* * *

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter has just returned from a three-weeks' trip to the East.

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